Cooſen, on Wedneſday next, our Counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame coulored Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe. Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday
got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying brin
in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by
as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true lad: and is no
ſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the C
is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what in
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to do wi
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my
of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning ma
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd a

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne woul
and where it would not, I haue vſde my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not heere app
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag,
be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art Kin
lution thus fubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old
tick the Law: do not thou whē thou art a king hang

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou
the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare H

Falſ. Well *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpe
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell yo

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the
hath no leane Wardrop, Zblood I am as melancho
Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpip

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the mela